

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.
GREAT DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.
THE NATIVE AND WHIG COALITION
SMASHED TO PIECES.
The Empire City for Polk and Dallas,
And Probably also the State.
And Nothing more Likely than that
POLK IS PRESIDENT.

We are astonished with the result of the election in the "Imperial City almost," as Mr. Webster calls New York. (Chowder!) The democratic electoral ticket, pledged for Polk and Dallas, Texas, Oregon and other notions, has been carried by a majority of more than two thousand—probably two thousand three hundred.

The returns are annexed.
Of the Congressional and State tickets we can only form a conjecture, they not having been counted last night; but the probability is that the democrats have carried the whole, for these iron-fisted men generally go the whole hog—they never scratch or split differences.

If, therefore, the "Imperial City" (Webster again, by the powers of Chowder,) has gone for Polk by a majority of over 2,000, the best opinion is that New York State has gone in the same direction, all smash.

We annex all the returns received at the latest hour last night from the island and river counties. These tell their own tale.

If the natives and whigs wish to form a new party under the name of "America Republicans"—a party that can have any chance of victory in 1848, they must raise the banner of General Scott at once—and if General Scott keeps a shut mouth for four years (which is a pretty hard job), we predict that he will succeed Mr. Polk and beat the democracy in 1848. Mark us.

We have a multitude of thoughts on public men and public affairs, struggling for utterance, which we will give at our leisure. Now for the returns.

Wards.	Polk.	Clay.
1st.	000	234
2d.	000	342
3d.	000	769
4th.	528	000
5th.	000	251
6th.	943	000
7th.	56	000
8th.	000	11
9th.	000	4
10th.	266	000
11th.	1,066	000
12th.	295	000
13th.	510	000
14th.	802	000
15th.	000	1,041
16th.	280	000
17th.	262	000
Total.	4,812	2,698

Supposed 2,154 Polk majority.

The above returns are all that could be clearly ascertained at the hour of our first edition's going to press last evening. Whatever transpires after that hour will be found in our second, third, and fourth editions published this morning.

The election in this city commenced yesterday morning at sun-rise, and proceeded with almost perfect quietness and order. The whig papers abandoned their whole County and Congressional tickets, and went over en masse to the natives.

Large numbers of the natives voted for Silas Wright, and many others for the Polk Electoral ticket. Nearly all the whigs supported the native county ticket, although some have voted for Wright.

The general result depends upon the returns from the interior of the State. If the river counties show a full democratic vote in favor of Polk, and the abolitionists poll their strength, Mr. Clay must be defeated. If otherwise, why Polk will be used up, perhaps, but not very likely.

In many of the Wards, the Germans, Irish, and French naturalized citizens flocked forward and blocked up the passage to the polls during the day, making an active canvass for "Polk and Dallas" as the crowds of electors went forward. Ex-Alderman Shaler, Mr. James Bergen, and several leading Democrats in the Sixth Ward, were actively engaged during the day in distributing the Polk and Dallas electoral ticket to the immense crowd who flocked to the polls in that vicinity, and swept every thing before them. The Fourth, Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Wards, seemed to be the chief points of interest, as vast crowds rushed to the immediate scene of action, and spirited on the voters in favor of the Democratic candidates. At each booth, particularly in the latter Wards, there to be seen detached groups, in motley apparel, engaged in loudly discussing the comparative merits of the candidates—their claims and qualifications—as well as the general principles of their Leaders—their measures—and policy—Here was to be seen an enthusiastic Frenchman, "sawing the air" with his cane, and cursing loudly, "do dam Vig, do Polk and de Dallas," while he extolled to the skies "de Polk and de Dallas." In another quarter some Dutch or German might be heard loudly proclaiming to the crowd, "me give me von vote, for the Polk; but the most humorous, and strenuous advocates for the Democratic Candidates were the Irish—who were to be heard bawling out at the top of their voices—the names of Polk and Dallas—"Americike, and liberty forever." We give a correct and accurate report of a discussion which took place between a genuine Patlander and a "Native," in the 2d District of the Sixth Ward, where a large crowd were collected, both Natives, Whigs, and Democrats, who enjoyed the scene with admirable temper, and cheered the disputants as they proceeded. Put was dressed in a rough, threadbare jacket, which bore innumerable marks of brick and mortar, and with arms well patched up. His potato physiognomy precluded him a genuine specimen of the soil of Connaught, with all the characteristics of its peasantry—broad, comic humor, shrewdness, and quick-wittedness—and he was supplied with a perfect array of those weapons which are usually found most effective in the "wordy warfare," which distinguishes the fair denizens of the fish market. When our reporter reached, he found the disputants in the midst of the discussion.

NATIVE.—What claim have you to vote for a Chief Magistrate of our country, you who have come here only on yesterday, perhaps, and have just emerged from the Aims House?

PAHLANDER.—A better right than you have, friend, who the devil are you, or where did you grow?

NATIVE.—This is my native land, my lad, I was born here, and my father fought and bled under this flag—(pointing to the American flag).

PAHLANDER.—Who the devil was your mother, I'd be glad to know. I suppose she was a boy of the Dorans. (Roars of laughter.)

NATIVE.—My mother was born in Roscommon, in Ireland; and my father was an Englishman.

PAHLANDER.—Well, my son, my fine Argyle. On one side of you, all civility must be done—for if your mother was an Irish woman, you may be sure that you was born decent any how, (the meadow laugh and cheers), but as to ye's father avise that purty looking "native," (pointing to the Aims House).

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to a colored man, who stood in the midst of the crowd) would sooner fight for the "Mariane Angel." NATIVE.—The American flag shall wave triumphant over foreign influence and foreigners, and we shall protect the industry of the country. When you come here we will give you employment, but we don't want you to interfere with our rights as citizens of this free country.

PAHLANDER.—Wish, de hupph, an dheel a Frouche-Johnny Bull—and is you that there? When General Cornwall and his runaway Cromwellians—with your father perhaps or your Grandfather amongst them, came to rob the people of this country of their liberty, poor Jim Burn, was among the first of the Mercians, to thrash them off the plains of Saratago; Mungowmery, gave ye a ship of the shillelah at Quebec—and we pitched ye's into the sea at New Orleans, with the brave General Jackson at our head.

NATIVE.—I was born on this soil, and have a birth-right which entitles me to every privilege under the constitution. We must stop this foreign flood of emigrants, and teach them that they must not be duped by designing politicians, and made tools of.

PAHLANDER.—As well said as if ye were at home, at Saffron Hill or Bloomsbury among the John Bullies. If ye show yer nose at Texas or Mexico, we'll give ye a purty good thrashing.

Such was the substance of a portion of this discussion, which took place at the polling booth above referred to; and in various other districts, amidst a similar tendency were to be heard, amongst excited groups, consisting chiefly of foreigners. Generally speaking, the most perfect tranquility prevailed throughout the city, if we except a few slight skirmishes, in which, as far as we could learn, up to the hour of going to press, no serious accident occurred.

An attack of a very aggravated character was made on one of our reporters in the course of the evening, we learn, by some persons associated to the Democrats, who were narrowly escaped being stabbed with a dirk. The landlord has been much to blame in this transaction; but the perpetrators of this outrage will certainly be visited with a full measure of punishment.

Whig Official Returns—National Hall.

This was the appointed spot for the returns of the different Wards to be made officially from the parties who had the direction of affairs therein, which it was generally understood would be announced as received.

If time and space allowed, we could enumerate many truly laughable instances of electioneering jokes, witticisms, &c. Shortly after five o'clock numbers assembled around the National Hall, in Canal street; and about six o'clock their numbers increased to such an extent that not fewer than 10,000 were present, and it was almost impossible to approach the doors. About seven o'clock J. O. Roberts Esq., was called to the chair. A few returns were received, when that gentleman stated that he found himself so fatigued with his labors of the day, that he must retire, and Dr. Bacon took the chair as his successor. Every return or rumor of return, was met with groans or cheers as it jumped in accordance with their ideas, notions or wishes. It was announced, on the authority of Alderman Crisp, of Kings county, that the Whig majority there was upwards of 200. (Great cheering.) Another account received was that in Williamsburg the whigs had a majority of 82. The chairman, when the figures were against the whig party, took great pains to explain that it would not, in any great degree, prevent their ultimate triumph. The chairman stated that upwards of 200 U. S. seamen were landed from different vessels in the harbor to assist the locofoco ticket. Shortly after 10 o'clock, the following, after having been read over upwards of a dozen times, was announced as the official returns of the Whig Central Committee for this purpose:—

Wards.	Clay.	Polk.
1st.	254	—
2d.	334	—
3d.	720	—
4th.	—	494
5th.	251	—
6th.	—	728
7th.	—	23
8th.	—	72
9th.	—	13
10th.	—	263
11th.	—	1027
12th.	—	550
13th.	—	505
14th.	—	230
15th.	1122	—
16th.	—	261
17th.	—	276
Total.	4131	2776

Democratic Majority, 1355

Up to 12 o'clock there was no return that could be relied upon announced at National Hall, the "Natives" rendezvous. Several exaggerated rumors, however, were sent the rounds, but they were not such as deserve to be mentioned.

Westchester is reported to have gone for Polk by a majority of 500. In 1840 it was 300.

RICHMOND COUNTY—Reported majority.

Wards.	Clay.	Polk.
Southfield.	80	—
Northfield.	51	—
Westfield.	—	139
Castleton.	—	131
Total.	131	131

Whig gain, 150.

STATE—Wright, 50 majority; Seaman, (Native) Congress, 1 majority; Assembly, 10 democratic majority; Senator, 15 do.

Eastern Elections.

We have returns from Connecticut and New Hampshire. To-day, we shall receive Rhode Island. All the Southern election returns will be found under the Southern Mail head.

Connecticut Election.

County.	1844.	1840.	F.	B.	Lat.
New Haven.	2,244	4,178	220	5,109	4,012
Meriden.	2,244	4,178	220	5,109	4,012
Eastford.	2,244	4,178	220	5,109	4,012
New London.	1,512	3,960	—	3,812	1,167
Stonington.	1,045	338	—	2,276	2,175
Middlesex.	1,045	338	—	2,276	2,175
Total.	22,546	19,433	582	25,968	19,981
Whig gain.	3,363	—	—	5,087	—

It is stated that the full returns from Connecticut give Clay a majority of 3,100. Harrison's majority in 1840 was 6,305. Whig loss 3,205.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—A few returns have been received from this State. As the Boston Courier of yesterday says, "it is useless to give a comparative table when the vote is all on one side." In other words the State has gone, as usual, for the democrats.

Presidential Election.

Polk, Certain.	Clay, Certain.	Polk, Probable.	Clay, Probable.
Pennsylvania.	26	Ohio.	23
New Hampshire.	6	Connecticut.	6
Massachusetts.	9	Michigan.	9
Illinois.	17	N. Carolina.	11
Mississippi.	7	R. Island.	4
Arkansas.	3	Georgia.	6
Alabama.	9	Massachusetts.	10
Missouri.	9	Vermont.	6
Alabama.	9	Maryland.	6
S. Carolina.	9	Delaware.	3
Total.	106	Total.	91

WEALTH AND POVERTY IN ENGLAND.—It is stated that the jewelry worn by the Marquis of Westminster at the installation of Louis Philippe to the order of the garter, was of the most superb character. In the centre of his lordship's badge was the celebrated Arocl diamond, valued at 15,000 guineas. His lordship's sword also displayed a massive diamond, one of the largest in the world, weighing 96 carats, and valued at £20,000. The same nobleman has labored on his estates who have to support themselves, wives, and children, on about two dollars per week, and provisions near thirty per cent higher than in this country.

BURGESS ARRESTED.—We understand, says the Boston Courier, that Burgess, the accomplice of Elder, who escaped from the officers at Nahant, was arrested on Brewster Island, on Saturday afternoon, and committed to jail in this city. He was traced to his hide-out by means of a messenger whom he had sent to assist Reynolds and Grant for some of the funds deposited with them.

The Fast Election—Future Prospects.

We have just emerged from the Red Sea. In a few days we will be able to contemplate in perfect peace and stillness, the scene of that conflict which for the last six months has agitated the whole land, and covered it with much that was disgraceful and revolting; and the prospect clear and unclouded will lie before us of that better era of three or four years, on which we have at last entered.

The violence—folly—recklessness—and demoralization of both parties, from the beginning to the end of the contest, now rapidly drawing to a final close, have been such as filled the breast of every intelligent and true patriot with the most painful feelings. The ferocious and maddened violence with which all the factions have prosecuted the past campaign was, we believe, altogether unexampled in this country. Who that recalls the vituperation, the calumny, the forgeries, the falsehood, the blasphemous admixture of religion and immorality, the fiendish malevolence, the utter unscrupulousness of the party processes throughout the Union, can avoid expressing the most devout gratification that this disgraceful warfare has been ended, and that the reign of decency, virtue and sobriety has again commenced? But let the past not be forgotten.—Now is the time to enforce its lesson. We have preserved a file of newspapers published during the contest, and we intend hereafter referring to it at length, in order to expose to men, when they have cooled down into rational and reflecting beings, the folly and wickedness into which they have been led by the accursed spirit of partyism; and if possible to impress upon them the duty of preserving themselves and their country from like disgrace in all time to come. We do indeed fervently trust that this painful but incumbent duty of serious self-examination will be discharged. As men—as members of a christianized civilized community—as American citizens, the people of this land, of all parties, are bound now that the day of sobriety has come, to reflect deeply on the past, and in a repentant spirit to make high and noble resolves of conduct in the future, more in accordance with their great responsibilities and exalted privileges. The past conflict from the manner in which it has been conducted, is a sad blot and blur upon the character of the republic. It did indeed seem as if the hopes of the true friends of liberty were about to be blasted. Every principle of genuine republicanism appeared to be disappearing in the swollen tide of licentiousness. But the storm has at last subsided, and timely repentance with its blessed fruits, may soon atone for the folly and crime of the past.

There is, surely, everything in the aspect of affairs just now, to induce men to conduct worthy of American citizenship. We are indeed a highly favored people. Whilst the wail of millions of oppressed men is ever coming to our ears across the Atlantic—whilst the arrival of every vessel from the shores of the ancient world brings us tidings of the physical destitution of our fellow men—whilst every newspaper from those lands repeats to us the sad story of the regal magnificence of successful tyranny, and the hunger, thirst and nakedness of the millions—we can look abroad on our vast inheritance, and behold on every hand the soul-gladdening evidences of unexampled national and individual prosperity. The teeming earth offers us its fruits with boundless profusion. Unshackled industry everywhere reaps its due reward. On all hands human enterprise is invited into new and profitable channels. The whole land seems to shout a loud hosanna to peace and liberty. Such is the present. Who can paint the great future that awaits us? Never has it y entered into the mind of the warmest lover of free institutions to conceive adequately the power, prosperity and glory that are in store for free America, if she be faithful to her trust. And there is the solemn consideration which should press ever on the mind of the good citizen. Alas! it is the consideration which is least of all remembered!

Here is the source of the evil which most we have to dread. With nations, as with individuals, to whom great prosperity is given, a narrow selfishness—a cold, withering, blighting selfishness, is apt to creep in and fasten itself upon them, destroying every holy aspiration, every generous emotion, every pure and exalted principle of duty. Already this spirit dwells amongst us. Like the very air we breathe, that from its universality, ceases to be recognized as a blessing, the liberty which we possess is regarded with a cold, heartless, and callous indifference.—Mean and petty objects of a day—the election of some official—the triumph of a clique—the getting up of a procession—the inscription on a painted flag—a thousand mean and inconsiderable subjects divert the thoughts of men from the great work of manhood and freedom which lies before us. Was it only that we should be fed and clothed, and made rich in our generation, that this heritage of liberty has been given unto us? It is a sad matter that many in our midst will fail to echo an indignant "no." But there is thank Heaven, a goodly number who have not so learned the duties of American citizenship, who know and feel that they have been set here for the defence and extension of liberty—that their sympathies are to go out and embrace all men, irrespective of creed and name and lineage—that the glorious institutions of this land are to be sustained with firmness but moderation—with zeal, but with sobriety—with jealousy, but with a generous devotion. Let all good citizens then improve the years of repose allotted to them now, and employ all their energies in promoting the interests of the country—their commerce, its literature, its arts—all that can embellish and ornament it—animated at the same time by the genuine, liberal, and open hearted spirit of freemen worthy of that name.

ONE GOOD RESULT—DEFEAT OF THE POLITICIANS.

One good result at least has happened in this political contest. According to all probability, if Mr. Polk should be elected, it may be considered a general defeat of all the intruding politicians of the day. Clay—Culhoun—Van Buren—Benton—Cass—Webster—Tyler and the whole bunch of those wrangling, intriguing politicians, who have kept the country in a new all the time for years past, may be considered as effectually laid on the shelf. They are all dead and buried, and have been demolished by a new man, generally unknown to the country, with only a good moral character and an intellect of ordinary capacity to sustain him. The whig party is also demolished, and can never rally again under that name. Mayhap, the American Republicans will take the place of this defunct party, and if they wish to succeed in 1848, we recommend them at once to take up a sound, conscientious, moral, patriotic man, against whose private character nothing can be said, and who is connected with the history of the country, whatever his sentiments may be on political affairs. Such a man we would say is General Winfield Scott—if the whigs had had him as their candidate in the present election, they would have got on much better.

POLITICAL CHANGES IN NEW YORK.—Now that the election is over, we shall have a full development of all the different political cliques into which the Democratic party is secretly divided. We shall have the Tyler Clique—the Van Buren Clique—the Calhoun Clique—the Cass Clique—the Resolute Man's Clique—the Blackguard's Clique—and every other kind of clique amongst the Democracy of New York, all striving to take possession of Mr. Polk when he gets to Washington, should he be elected. We shall, in a day or two, give a complete philosophical analysis of these various formations in the Democratic party—the materials of which they are respectively composed—their objects and purposes—and all other particulars pertaining to the natural history of those animals. A great addition to Goldsmith's Natural History all round!

O'CONNELL'S REMARKABLE LETTER, BACKING OUT FROM REPEAL.—We publish on the first page of this day's paper, the extraordinary letter recently issued by O'Connell, and which is at present attracting so much attention on the other side of the water. It will doubtless attract an equal degree of notice and remark in this country, among the Irish population of the United States.

It will be perceived from this letter that O'Connell has abandoned his former project of repeal, and now announces his decided preference for the "federative system." And why? Because that scheme "will tend more to the maintenance of the connection between Ireland and England than simple repeal"! It is easy to imagine the effect produced amongst the violent repeaters by this announcement. Surprise—astonishment—perplexity—omnious silence, an audible discontent, have marked its reception by the repeal journals and leaders. Already many of the parishes have refused to contribute a farthing to the repeal rent in future; and it would appear that at least some of the deluded Irish people are awaking to a conviction of the real character of O'Connell, and the hypocrisy of his schemes and projects. O'Connell's object is apparent enough. He labors to effect a union once more with the Whigs—with the Whigs whom he has so violently abused—for the purpose of ousting the Tory administration, and then, under a Whig régime, renewing his old game of agitation and bullying.

It is very painful to contemplate the political delusion into which the mass of the Irish people are led, both at home and abroad. In Ireland, they have, for a long series of years, been made the dupes of a scheming, hypocritical, selfish man, who has been enriching himself and his family on the proceeds of his successful imposture. What good has resulted to unhappy Ireland from all his schemes and all his agitation? None, whatever. On the contrary, the country has been kept in a state of continual agitation—the bad passions of opposing sects have been inflamed—the minds of the people diverted from industry and the real nature of the evils which oppress them. The whole movement has been a sectarian movement, artfully devised by a cunning and avaricious man who gained the support of the priesthood, and by this means succeeded in maintaining his rapacious hold upon the people. We trust that this letter and the movements which will follow it, may sooner or later effectually open the eyes of the Irish people to their own folly and the real character of the so-called leader.

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS.—According to all accounts from Illinois, it would appear that the Mormons are on the eve of extinction. A very serious difficulty has taken place amongst them, in consequence of the death of Joe Smith, and the ambition of different sets of leaders to usurp the succession. Sidney Rigdon has established his branch of the church at Pittsburgh, and publishes a newspaper there, and the "Twelve Apostles," as they call themselves, are very busy at Nauvoo in the delectable business of defaming, abusing, and slandering each other. We trust they may all succeed, for it is really most astonishing to see in this enlightened age such a set of hypocrites actually arrogating to themselves an intercourse with the Supreme being—blasphemously asserting that they possess his ear—and that they are in communication with heaven for the purposes of publishing a new gospel to the world. A more impudent piece of humbug than this whole imposture has been, was never broached.

The Millerites are pretty much in the same precarious condition. They have run to seed in consequence of their peculiar doctrines. But they are making some effort to pick up the scattered fragments of their faith and folly, in order to see if they can make some stand for a few years longer. This is a worse folly than even that of Mormonism. Their dupes are greater and more ridiculous, and the hypocrisy of their leaders has an additional spice of impudence.

Now that these religious humbugs are passing away, and that the election has also just passed, we may expect a new era of imposture. Fourierism will again begin to rear its head, and all other sorts of lams. Such crack-brained beings as Greeley and others cannot rest satisfied with common sense business and rational attention to their worldly matters, like reasonable men, but must always be engaged in some ridiculous exploit or other.

A SPIRIT OF IVY.—We see it recorded in the newspapers as an item of very important news, that the Bishop Onderdonk has received from the palace at Lambeth, London, a sprig of ivy, to plant by the new church of the Trinity, in Broadway. This is all very good, and no doubt, "the rare old plant," will be, when it spreads its broad and leafy tendrils on the walls of the church, a great ornament to that magnificent edifice. But there is another thing very much wanted in the Episcopal Church now.

If a sprig of morality of the smallest size—a sprig of true piety of the most tender proportions, could only be imported from any respectable quarter, either in the heaven above, or the earth below, and planted in the Episcopal Church, so as to give a savor to the Bishops themselves, we really do not think that much damage would be done to the purity of the atmosphere of these regions. We certainly want in addition to this important sprig of ivy, a sprig of something pure and holy, from some uncontaminated source, to be planted in several of the churches amongst us.

THE CAUSE OF THE DIFFICULTY.—It now appears that the great object of the recent onslaught upon Dr. Hawks in the Episcopal Convention, was to prevent him from carrying into effect his avowed determination of bringing the conduct of a certain Bishop under review, when he himself should get into the House of Bishops. Dr. Hawks was well acquainted with the "walk and conversation" of the ecclesiastical dignitary alluded to, and was resolved to subject it to the scrutiny of his brethren. Hence the effort to demolish Dr. Hawks. But it failed, and now we await the second act in this interesting ecclesiastical drama.

ALIAN OPERA.—The materials now collected in this city for bringing forth this refined amusement in the highest style, are, it is said, better than we have ever heretofore possessed. Perhaps in some one or two of the characters, the troupe cannot be compared to the Garcia company; but setting Malbran aside, we believe, after all, the present company is superior to any ever concentrated in this city. We have two prima donnas—Borghese and Pico—each superb in her line; secundo donnas in any number; two tenors, and basses of excellent character. All that we want is good management, good temper, and good sense and decency of demeanor in the troupe itself. Since they failed in the recent attempt at a short season at Palmo's, they have been negotiating in all sorts of forms—now at Palmo's, and now at Niblo's—finally, they agreed to open at Niblo's; but it now appears that the majority of the subscribers are unwilling to leave Palmo's, and so they are back again negotiating for Palmo's theatre. There is also a good deal of difficulty and many rumors afloat about salaries, costumes, music, and we know not what.

It is, however, a philosophical question, worthy of discussion by a body of savans, whether all these difficulties and quarrels and stormy negotiations do not materially add to the energy, spirit and effect of the performances of the company when they get before the public. But until we have the matter subjected to a rigid investigation by Dr. Lardner, so as to obtain a full development of the natural philosophy of the thing, just as he developed the phenomena attendant on the explosion of the steam engine on the Reading railway, we shall consider ourselves on the fence in relation to this matter. In the meantime, we trust that the company will go on and come to a final and satisfactory arrangement.

THEATRICALS.—Now that the election is over we have every reason to expect a great revival in theatricals in general, and all other amusements in this city, of every description. For some time past theatrical amusements have been most niggardly attended; and with the exception of one or two minor theatricals, all the others, and the higher order of the drama has been almost deserted. It is true that Macready during his short engagement here, and the performance of Ole Bull, too, were well attended; but the Italian opera, and the legitimate drama of every kind during the present season, in consequence of the political excitement, has been in some measure a failure.

This depression in theatrical affairs affected the Park Theatre as much as any other, but it is probable there will be a revival felt even there; and there is some reason to expect good houses during the remainder of the season, provided they get up good entertainments, and a select and well chosen succession of novelties. At present one of the principal features in the Park, is the engagement of Mr. Maywood, whose representations of Scottish character are admitted to be unrivalled. He has brought over to this country with him a number of new pieces; among the rest an amusing and most humorous little dramatic production, founded on the inimitable tale of Tam O'Shanter, by Burns. This was brought out on Monday evening, and was well received; the house was not large, yet respectable; it is one of the nearest little gems we have seen at the Park for some time, and being a combination of mela-drama, sentiment and spectacle, and its characters peculiar in every point of view, it is, in deed, an amusing piece. Every one knows the peculiar characteristics of those little mela-dramas exhibiting Irish character, in which the lamented Power was so famous. Maywood is the first who has attempted to introduce similar sketches of Scottish character, which, although without all the rich humor of the Irish character, is stamped with a vein of quiet humor, condensed sentiment, and a dash of devility, irresistibly comic, fresh and piquant. The piece has been got up with much attention, and Maywood plays the famous Tam O'Shanter with spirit and taste, whilst his cory, Souter Johnny, is well sustained by Skeritt.

The other theatres will probably all feel the benefit of having passed over the election fever. The Bowery, Chatham, Olympic and Niblo's have all more or less felt the depression arising from the political excitement of the day; but above all we expect that the change about to take place will be as much beneficial to the legitimate drama and regular opera as any other species of amusement.

MRS. VERNON'S BENEFIT.—We get to direct the notice of our readers to the announcement of this lady's benefit, which is inserted in another column. Mrs. Vernon has friends and admirers, and she deserves them; and we trust, that although her long and appreciated services, as an actress, have interfered with her health, that she will receive, in the shape of a bumper house, this evening, a proof that her position, in the esteem of her friends, will remain unimpaired during her absence.

THEATRICALS, &c.

OLE BULL.—This great artiste gave his last concert in Philadelphia on Monday evening. The papers state that it was well and fashionably attended, though, as usual, the weather was wet and disagreeable. It really seemed as if the elements conspired against this musical magician whilst amongst us. Of course his performance was wonderful; that his Niagara threw Bull's hearers into raptures. Some thought that they were going down the rapids, and some that they were going down them. Bull will play it at Boston on Friday evening next, and every person who attends should be a life preserver, or he will imagine he is drowning. So natural is the music that you fancy you are in the water. On this occasion he will bring out, with other novelties, a new piece, composed by him in this country, entitled "The Solitude of the Prairie."

Messrs. Rockwell & Stone encouraged by the very liberal patronage which they have received, intend to erect a spacious and beautiful building for equestrian performances, and will remain in Boston all winter.

Edwin Forrest will, it is stated, perform in Boston this month, prior to his departure for Europe.

Messrs. Emmet and Brower will regale the Bostonians with the genuine Ethiopian opera every evening during the week at the Melodion.

The Hutchinson Family gave a concert at the Female Academy, Albany, on Monday evening. They contemplated going West soon.

Putnam's opera have been successful in Baltimore as in other parts; it has been nightly repeated at the Front Street Theatre for some time past.

A new local play of the Gambler, or lost and won, was performed for the first time at the Boston Museum on Monday evening, in which Smith plays a Boston journeyman printer, (the Gambler) Hunt a capital Cape Cod Yankee, and Tom Comer a regular out and wild Irishman. It was well received.

A young lady named Miss Emily Pike is giving a series of interesting experiments illustrating the system of Mnemonics, or artificial memory, in Boston.

The sixth and final lecture of Mr. Gliddon's new series on the Pyramid, was delivered on Monday evening, in Boston.

Mr. Murdoch commenced a course of Readings and Recitations on Shakespeare at the Oxford Theatre, Boston, on Monday evening. The subject, Macbeth, with illustrations in readings, recitations, and references to the "Aids to the Study of Shakespeare," was the subject of the evening.

A new burlesque, entitled Telemachus, has been produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, with but indifferent success. The principal characters were supported by Paul Bedford and Wright, Miss Woolgar and Miss Chaplin. The applause and the hisses contended for the mastery